

## Absence (Lio Fotia)

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# Absence (Lio Fotia)

by [Melzious](#)

## Summary

Torn between two thoughts, Lio contemplates on the loss of the Promare and the loss of himself.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

As the familiar hues of pink and green dribbled away from his outstretched hand, his eyes glistened. At the moment, Lio could not tell if it was out of awe or a sign of impending melancholy. Yes, the flames, or rather, Promare, had an inherent beauty especially to him. That beauty seemed far too fleeting, and not just at this moment. The Promare burned bright within the burnish while turning them into ash at death. It seemed a fitting trade, though somewhat cruel. A body served as a symbol of finality, one that was stagnant. If a Burnish died alone there would be no trace of them except for memories other held. Their final fate would be unknown to most just like the Promare themselves.

The light from the flames reflected in Lio's eyes and hands as the last of them trailed away from him, leaving him for good. He stared down at the only trace of their remnants, the light. For a moment, his lips twitched into a sad smile once the shock and awe faded away from his mind. As suddenly as it appeared, it disappeared.

The Earth and its inhabitants were saved; Lio knew that. He knew that losing the Promare was a necessary sacrifice and perhaps they would be happier. Lio was almost sure of this since he heard their voices before they slipped too far away. Their laughter was jovial and uncontained just like them after Galo and he ignited the Earth in striking flames of blue. However, a small part of Lio's mind wished in shame that they had been as reluctant as he was remorseful. The heat of battle and adrenaline pumped through Lio just a few minutes ago. He couldn't tell if that impaired his thinking or enhanced it. He had made a selfless choice, just like many times in the past. Despite this, it hurt in a different way. Perhaps he couldn't compare this to the pain of knowing he had let the Burnish be captured by Kray Foresight and wailing in agony. It was a different sort of pain, one that shouldn't and most likely couldn't be measured.

The Promare were part of Lio. Everything he lived for was centered around them. He, along with the large majority of the Burnish, thought that their will was the flames' will, that they had no choice but to succumb to it. They were happy though. For some reason, the vibrancy and warmth of the Promare ran through pumped through their body and ignited their will to thrive. Turning to ash was a worthy trade of that feeling. Lio knew that nobody except the Burnish would understand that. How could they? They thought that the Burnish had a choice, that they didn't have to light fires. Of course, they didn't have to use the Promare's power against others. In retrospect, however, they really had no choice. Their hands were forced by the public's disdain and, most importantly, their lack of will to understand the minds of those they considered inhuman. The Burnish may have been given a different name, but they were still every inch of human as the rest of the population. They had more humanity than most. Mad Burnish refused to kill, something that typical people did carelessly. Lio couldn't help but scowl thinking back to the mindless dogs of the Freeze Force.

The stars twinkled brightly above Lio as he descended back to the Prometheus. He wanted to believe that it was a sign that what he did was right and just and it was. Lio grimaced for a moment. He had no right to regret losing the Promare, of losing part of himself. If he had made a different choice, no one would have survived. The warp gate was closed, the spaceship wrecked, and the population would have been doomed to a fiery death. Lio doubted even Galon De Lio could survive that catastrophe. Even if it had, he would have to

live with even more shame and knowing that Galo hated him-if he was capable of hate and if not, that he had disappointed him to the point of no repair.

Despite this, Lio couldn't help but wonder if there had been another solution rather than freeing the Promare. In doing so, he had lost a good portion of himself. What would he do now? All he had lived for was liberating the Burnish which he succeeded in. He hadn't liberated himself. Lio felt more trapped than ever before, not to mention torn between two opposing thoughts. Lio had accepted the Promare as part of him and had lived with that mindset for the longest time. What would he do now that he had lost that? Who was he? What was his purpose? Would the world still be against the Burnish, despite them losing what ostracized them, what made them unique?

These were questions Lio could not hope to answer anytime soon. He paused for a moment and looked to the man responsible for the agony of the Burnish. Kray Foresight. Lio considered asking Foresight about what the impending fate of the Burnish was out of desperation for an answer, out of desperation to connect with another Burnish. His eyes turned hard and a dark shade of violet once he shook his head. This man may have used the Promare, but he was not connected to them. He was not a Burnish. How could he be? He prided himself on separating himself from their will, and perhaps he did. That made him more inhuman than could be. The Burnish were human; Lio never doubted that, not even for a moment. Kray Foresight may have had a human body, but his soul was twisted and distorted. His morals were corrupted and out of alignment.

Lio only said a few small words to Foresight, nothing of his inner thoughts. As he turned away from Foresight, his eyes held a reflected of melancholy, rather than hatred and anger. He could not afford to succumb to those emotions, not now. Lio let out a small exhale as his footsteps grew quieter and away from the blonde bastard.

In the short distance, he saw the gravity-defying blue hair belonging to Galo at the edge of the Prometheus. A few minutes ago, he had thought only the Burnish could understand their pain. Suddenly a wave of memories of the past week hit him. He recalled how fast Galo was to apologize for assuming the Burnish were not human. How Galo said he could understand Lio's rage and Foresight. How much time and effort they put into each other in just a short amount of time. How they worked as a unit against the adversary. How he put every ounce of himself into using his flames to protect Galo. And finally, how Galo used that very flame to revive him without hesitation.

As Galo offered a fist to Lio, his lips twitched. It was sort of funny how quickly his disdain for Galo dissipated. Lio knew in the back of his mind that he never hated Galo. He hated the idea of him, of what he stood for and was associated with. This thinking was almost like how people hated the Burnish. They never took the time to truly know them. Considering that, how could they hate someone truly if they did not know them personally? People only hated the idea and fear that came along with the Burnish. Lio would not be like that; he would not be what he hated.

He knew that out of all the people in the world, even the Burnish, Galo would understand him the best. It wasn't just because they had been through so much together. Galo was strong mentally. He made a remarkable moral compass and though he lacked book-smarts and patience, he had skill and an astonishing understanding of people. He could forgive and

understand with so much ease. Perhaps, Lio was envious of that. His thankfulness overrode that by a million times ten times.

Lio bumped his fist again Galo's with little hesitation. He was not alone. He had Meis, Gueira, and all the other Burnish.

And he had Galo. He may have had the absence of the Promare, but not the absence of support.

## End Notes

Anyway, I might do more of this kind of thing for other characters. I'm thinking about doing Heris and maybe Galo???

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